

## BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY NIGHT

**BROOKLYN ETHICAL SOCIETY AND**

**The Pouch Mansion Filled with Incense to Buddha—Dharmapala Talks on Harmony and Compassion—The Audience, Bound by Sublimated Mysticism, to Miss Brewster.**

H. Dharmapala, a swarthy and black-bearded adept in Buddhism, celebrated the birthday of Buddha last night before the Brooklyn Ethical Society and its friends in the hall of the Pouch mansion, in Clinton street, Brooklyn. The back wall of the hall was hung with the white elephant flag of India, the blue, yellow, white, and red flag of Buddha, the flag of the United States, and the flag of Great Britain.

Beneath the flags on a raised platform was an altar built like a flight of six steps. Each step was covered with a yellow silk scarf embroidered in gold, and on it stood a row of lighted candles.

In glass canisters, on the neck of the bottom step was a great bouquet of pink roses; beneath the roses was a crystal casket covered with a tiny silk canopy. Dharmapala stood on the platform. He was dressed in a yellow silk shirt and long flowing yellow robes.

The reading desk before him was littered with little gold trinkets and dings; Hindoo manuscripts. On his right and left were roses covered with flowers. From behind the flowers rose columns of incense smoke that waivered up toward the ceiling and broke and came down toward the audience as the thick of incense.

At exactly 8'o'clock Miss Caroline Lerow of the Brooklyn High School rose and read a part of the "Light of Asia." Meanwhile a yellow silken thread had been passed through the audience, up and down the rows of chairs, until every one in the audience had a pious grasp on it.

the crystal casket on the altar, and ran through a punch bowl filled with lemonade off to the left of the altar. Even while Miss Lerow was reading with the deep intensity of a professional elocutionist late arriving devotees passed forward a row of carnations, lilies, and roses to be placed on the tables.

When Miss Lerow had finished she sat down in the front row, took a good grip on the yellow thread, and crossed her white-gloved hands in her lap. After a few hushed moments, during which she accurately scanned the atmosphere in almost tangible chunks, the Indian began. His voice is soft. He used carefully controlled English, but with a foreigner's halting uncertainty.

He told the audience that they were gathered

for the celebration of Buddha's 2,411st birthday. Buddha, he said, was born on the full moon day of the month of May. On the full moon day of the month of May he was enlightened, and on the anniversary of that day he passed away.

"Before I proceed on further," he continued, "I do want you to think with me a little bit. I do want you to put away from you, while you are here, all hatred, all desire of destruction, all ill will, all thought of any such thing like that so that no thought concerning itself about things like that, such as, 'I am a person, and things

There was a murmur and a fresh gripping of the string all along the line.

run animal life.

"In an essential request," he said, "that the lovely American ladies will not destroy the beautiful birds for ornament to their heads."

Then, after a few moments of silence, he burst forth with a flood of applause, to the apparent astonishment and embarrassment of H. Dharmapala. He announced that he had just received a copy of the new edition of the *Sutra of the Lotus of the Wonderful Law*, the *Sutra of the Book of Hsuehsang*, in which was not one word of hatred of anything that was not Buddhist. He then chanted a few lines of the sutra, and then he begged the audience to clasp the string and be harmonious.

There were lots of harmony, and he went on. Let it begin in the lotus of the world, he said. Let it be a jewel that belonged to Buddha twenty-four centuries ago. Let it be a jewel that will be chanted, let it go out among the audience; let it go all over Brooklyn, to New York, to all the States, to all the nations of the world.

"Ah," he said, in a dreamy ecstasy, "let it go and go and go. Let there be peace; let there be peace; let there be peace; let there be compassion, sweetness and kindness everywhere."

Then with eyes half closed he began to chant from the sutra, and he chanted for a long time, and he chanted in a low, sweet, monotonous voice, and he chanted from sheets of narrow strips of parchment run through by two narrow pieces of tape. His chant sounded

the Coney Island Bowers, only without the drowning of pipes and the thumping of tom-toms. The rest of the incident was a mere anticlimax, and a more oppressive evening minute; the dark-skinned Buddhist was swaying over his manuscript. There was no sound but his mournful muttering. The lights of the Coney Island were beginning to feel deliciously queer.

"Say, maw," piped up a small voice near the door, "he 'can't sing much, can he?"

The bowed figure of the Buddhist, a sound of smothered outcry, and a diminishing wave from the hallway and the street. After a fresh grip on the thread they began to sing again. Black and white, the crowd on the sidewalk, the interruption. His voice died lower and

lower until it sounded like a faint echo of itself. And then, to the shame of Brooklyn, he recorded, there came from the extreme left and right, the sound of the con from the steadily "know-r-r" that betokens the slumber of one whose mouth is open. There was another scuffle and the unholy sound ceased. So did Dharmapala.

He explained that the thread was now a thread of harmony, and that those who cared to cut out pieces of it might carry away a bit of harmony into their homes, immediately as a sound and clapping were heard. He wanted to say that his great object in life was to build a temple to Christ and Buddha in Brooklyn or

He wanted every one in the United States to contribute to it, he said, from the millionaire and the President to the poor workman. And he only desired to add that in one of the photographs there were for sale excellent photographs of an image of Buddha. Lewis G. Jones, director of the Cambridge, Mass., conferences, and formerly President of the Ethical Society, rose to remark that Dharmapala was too modest. That excellent photographs of Dharmapala were also for sale at the same merely nominal price. He expressed the thanks of the audience.

also desired to thank one whose broad Christianity endeared him to everybody in Brooklyn, and who had been of great material assistance to the ceremonies of the evening. He meant Father Malone.

Here Dharmapala held up a great brass censer which had been issuing incense all through the evening. Mr. Jones said that Father Malone had sent the censer. Then Dharmapala invited each of those present to take one of the numerous flowers about the altar, which had been sprinkled with sacred water from the crystal casket.

He also invited them to drink from the punch bowl of lemonade which had been made harmonious between the yellow thread that had been dipped into it during the ceremonies.

The meeting ended in a grand rush for the harmonized flowers and lemonade.

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**White Sails Spread on the Hudson.**

Sunday is always a busy day with yachtsmen along the Hudson, and throughout the early spring and summer snowy sails are to be seen skimming along from Dobbs Ferry to Liberty Island. Comme-

The Yonkers Corinthian Yacht Club were on hand early, making the final preparations for the formal opening of the club, which is scheduled for next Saturday.

At the Audubon Club, foot of 154th street, a goodly number of members and their friends were busy getting the few boats remaining on the bank into their element, while others spread sail on their favorites and darted about like so many swallows.

The Corinthians of the Hudson River Yacht Club, foot of Ninety-fifth street, crossed their new bridge in groups of twos and threes, the procession be-

planning long before eight bells. Commodore Langerfeldt and the Starbuckers were in the water, and in evidence, although the Vice-Commodore again ventured out in deep water in his ludicra canoe, while several of his most intimate friends kept their eyes on his movements and their hands on the life preservers.

When the Commodore and the Starbuckers were cruising off the clubhouse ready for a brush with anything that carried sail, and Capt. Feels brought his last launch to the landing stage, where a bevy of pretty girls embarked for a cruise up the river, the Commodore and the Starbuckers went out, with the exception of a few of the smaller craft: the entire club fleet is in commotion.

The Columbia Yacht Club, the organization under whose pennant are enrolled a number of men who will be seen in the regatta, is well represented in force. The few boats that are still hauled out on the little cove at the foot of Eighty-sixth street will all be in the water before the end of the present week. T. F. Hiltchcock, the popular Commodore, and J. C. Wetherill, the enthusiastic Secretary of the organization, are working hard to make the club's spring regatta a gilt-edged success. From the Columbia Club house fully a dozen craft left their moorings under sail, and ex-Commodore Wetherill's steam launch started up the river early in the day with a merry party on board.

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